

SIDE ARMS
READINGS, PRAYERS
AND MEDITATIONS
FOR
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS



SELECTED AND WRITTEN BY
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TO
P. H. L.

So now, in the end, if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

AMERICA'S PURPOSE

Let us be very clear, and make clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. . . . We are glad to fight for the ultimate peace of the world, and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. . . . We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. . . . We fight without rancor, . . . seeking nothing but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples. . . . We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it, because there are no other means of defending our rights, . . . in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right, and is running amuck. . . . The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her she can do no other.—PRESIDENT WILSON.

PREFACE

Our boys!

This little booklet is intended for all of you.

It does not seek to appeal to you as Catholics, Protestants or as Jews, but as *men*!

We are all deeply concerned in the spirit in which you go forth to fight, and in the transformation which these trying experiences will effect in your character.

For you will have to fight, not the enemy alone—the enemy visible—the enemy outside!

You will have to fight the enemy inside!

The enemy who may seek to degrade and debauch you; to deaden and kill your better self.

Read these little things when the spirit prompts.

May they help you.

And may God be with you and us for a glorious victory to our righteous cause!

—MORRIS S. LAZARON.

CAMP MERRITT, N. J., July, 1918.

It may be glorious to write

Thoughts which glad the two or three
High souls like stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far is it to speak

Some simple thought which now or then
May waken their free natures in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

—LOWELL.

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TO A LAD LEAVING FOR FRANCE

Well, my friend, you've started!

You've started to do the biggest job that ever man had to do. This is just to shake your hand and say, God bless you!

You're leaving all that's most cherished and loved behind you, and many's the time when your thoughts will span the distant miles as they do now. You're probably thinking about yourself, your life, as never before. You've laid on your bunk in the barrack at night and some one yelled, "Aw! Put the lights out!" and all was darkness and the silence of sleep. But you were awake with your thoughts and they raced over the years gone by. Or maybe as you lie in your hammock on ship, with the hum and throb of the engines in your ear, or stand on deck and gaze out on the endless expanse of the ever-restless sea, there come into your mind on the wings of memory more serious thoughts than ever before: your tender baby years, watched over so lovingly by your devoted parents; the happy, irresponsible years of your boyhood and school days; your start in life, your opportunities, all the full independence of the past, contrasting strangely, acutely, with the iron discipline of the army; you're thinking about your friends; you're thinking about your aspirations, your mistakes, your defeats, your struggles, your successes. . . . And you're thinking about the things that were to be, your own home perhaps, your place in life, and little children to climb with simple trust upon your knees; and you're heart-sick maybe at this thing which came so suddenly upon you, which pulled you out of these pleasant places and sends you over into the great unknown!

This may be your thought.

Or, maybe you're filled with the spirit of this fight, and long to be there and doing; to feel yourself a part of this titanic effort to cast out of the world forever the blasphemous, boastful tyrant.

Whether you're sad or whether you're glad, there's a man-sized job ahead of you; a job that will take all you have of courage, of endurance, of faith; a fight that will call into play every potentiality and power you possess; a fight that will show what you are. You're going to be tested and tried, thrown into the furnace of suffering.

What are you going to do about it?

How are you going to meet it?

There'll be times when your body will fall from fatigue, when your spirit may wilt in weariness. There'll be times when the stench and the dread and the terror and the horror and the misery of it all will nearly overwhelm you. There'll be times when you'll face a hell of shot, and flame and gas, and look death squarely in the eye.

What are you going to do about it?

Are you going to sniffle and bend and break, or are you going to grit your teeth, set your jaws and say: "I'm going on! I'm going to see this thing through! "?

There'll be times lad, when, away in that distant land, on furlough from the fight, the siren voices of temptation will call you with alluring charm. They'll say: "What's the use? You're going back to hell after this and you may never come out. Have a big time! Have a fling! and the rest be damned! Besides, who'll know?"

Lad! No one will ever know but God and you! But there is no wound whose pain and agony burn and sear a man like that of remorse. No cry from human heart so fearful as this: Oh! if I had not done it! Oh! If things could be different! Yes. No one will know but God and you.

But others *care!* There are your dear ones at home: the little mother who sits and prays, who each night sends over the seas a last loving good-night thought for her boy; the father whose heart is filled with pride in his son; the sweet, pure sister; or maybe the sweetheart; or the faithful, longing, prayerful, patient wife; the waiting kiddies who talk of daddie. They care! They care! And the countless homes of America to be saved from the desecration of the unclean brute—they care! And the blessed country which nurtured you, which educated you, which gave you opportunity and freedom and a man's place in the world—America cares! Parents, loved ones, your country, all cry out to you as did Maccabee of old to his son, "Be strong, my lad, be strong, and show yourself the man!"

Keep yourself fit to fight the good fight! We're all thinking of you. We're all praying for you. More! We have confidence in you. We have faith in you. We know you will do your job because you can do it.

America expects great things of you. She has the right to ask your all. She does not seek wealth nor power, but simple justice and sweet liberty for all men. Bring back her standard unsullied as she would have you!

And may God bless you and keep you and bring you back in greater strength to enjoy the peace and freedom which your effort will have brought to bless humanity!

Our hand and heart and prayers! And God be with you!

LETTERS

A LETTER RECEIVED BY ONE OF THE BOYS
FROM HIS MOTHER

My Boy:

I wonder if you realize the love and tenderness that go with the two words, "my boy!"—going away across the seas to do man's work in the world. Oh! the ache for us left behind, and yet the pride in our boy with the colors!

Know that with every mile or knot or however space is measured a prayer ascends on high for you.

That you will do your part, I've no misgiving. I trust you will be spared many of the small annoyances one hears and reads about, especially in trench-life. Have patience, dear lad. War is a game of patience, alert waiting, as well as fighting, and perhaps the former is the harder of the two.

Whatever betide you, my son, do the best you can, and as Polonius said to Laertes, his son, let me say to you, "This, above all; to thine own self be true, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Remember to write to us at every opportunity, for you must realize what your letters will mean to us; and be assured you will be kept faithfully informed of us. We will write you regularly, and hope you'll get your mail promptly. If it be delayed on either end, don't worry, for you know that we are writing and we'll know that you are writing us.

We shall put our trust in Him who watches even the sparrows fall, and hope and pray that our lad will be under His Divine guidance and that he will return to us the stronger and finer for the great adventure.

Good bye, my boy, for to-day. I'm not made of martyr stuff and must end this or you'll be saying

"sob stuff!" and no such melancholy must spoil our adieux.

God bless you lad and give you courage and strength!

YOUR EVER LOVING MOTHER.

A LETTER FROM ANOTHER MOTHER

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY:

Never in all these precious years of your life have you seemed nearer to me nor more entwined around my heart strings than now, when you are about to answer your country's call. I would not have it otherwise.

Mrs. Browning's wonderful words are sounding in my ears as I write, "I told them indeed speak plain the word country, I taught them no doubt a country's a thing men should die for if need."

Dear boy, you will think of me as I of you, of the hours we spent together when twilight's soft glow fell upon the earth and how we sang the little nursery songs we all loved—your sisters and you and I. These memories can never fade; they form the child's background to the man's life—a life of duty, of self-abnegation, a true and manly life.

I do not feel that reminiscences are at this time very cheery for either of us my boy, but I am recalling the past so that when you return I can look deep down into the eyes that have never faltered when gazing into mine and I can read there of the duty well done, the good use of the glorious manhood, still your own.

My faith in your power to withstand all temptation is always the same; so boy, with my arms around you, I whisper: "May the Lord bless you and keep you, may He indeed watch over you, while we are absent one from the other."

Devotedly,
MOTHER.

A LETTER FROM A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND GOING OVER SEAS

MY DEAR HUSBAND:

Before me lies the letter in which you write that you will no doubt be sailing soon for France. Ever since that letter came I have had the strangest sensation of numbness. It is altogether indescribable. My body goes on with its usual tasks; my mind races nimbly from memories of our happy days together to dread fear of what might be, and fond dreams of the wonderful time when you will come home to me again. And yet something dull and dread clutches me so! Only I won't allow myself to think about it. I try to comfort myself with the knowledge that you are doing, not only what you must do, and what is right for you to do, but what you want to do, in serving your God and your country.

Do you know what memory is uppermost in my mind as I think of your departure? It is the thought of our wedding day, and of the beautiful ceremony that made us man and wife. It is the comfort of the realization that though thousands of miles separate us, we are bound together by an invisible, inviolable tie. It is this knowledge that has enabled me to go on eating and sleeping and doing my round of tasks in the days since you left home, and it is this that will encourage and strengthen me during the even more trying ones to come.

And it is the consciousness that you too feel this, and that the consecration of our marriage will make you act bravely and wisely in face of danger and nobly whate'er befalls, that gives me courage to say a smiling "Godspeed" as you start on your great adventure . . . that makes me know that you will be with me daily though lands and seas

intervene. that makes me wait patiently for the happy day of your return.

All of which does not mean that I shall not miss you beyonds words. That goes without saying. But I want to be brave as you are brave. And I shall be busy dreaming and hoping and praying for the day when you will come back to me safe and sound, you and all the other husbands and sons, to me and all the other wives and mothers, bringing as your trophy, that precious, intangible thing for which you are all fighting—a victory over despotism and the establishment of a better world to live in and to leave to our children and our children's children. Don't you think that will be a joint bequest from the fighting men and waiting women?

My darling, it is this thought that heartens me most of all. It was so easy in our old, comfortable days to talk about love of country, love of democracy, love of our fellowmen. But unless we are willing to prove our devotion by sacrificing everything for these ideals we are worse—much worse—than the ignorant creatures who know not such words. If these treasures are worth anything they are worth fighting for; worth dying for; yes, even worth giving up one's heart's best beloved for. Sometimes in weak moments I feel that I would be willing to sacrifice everything, honor itself, to keep you from danger. But that is despicable, not playing the game of life, so instead I pray for a speedy victory and a righteous and lasting peace and you, my dearest, safely home again.

My dear husband, the deepest things in my heart cannot be put into words. You know them all and the writing would only make it harder for me, the reading would only make it more difficult for you. So here is my love, and God bless you, and keep you, and bring you back safely to

YOUR DEVOTED WIFE.

A LETTER FROM A SMALL SON

DEAR DADDY:

Mother says I must write you a good-bye letter, as you are going to sail across the sea very soon. I hope you have a fine trip and don't get seasick or submarined, and that you'll come back soon to mother and me.

I am trying to be a good boy and I'm taking good care of mother as you told me to. Every evening before I go to bed, mother and I sit down and talk about you, and she reads me your message to me in your letter. She tells me that you are going to fight way over there to make the world a better place for little boys like me to grow up in. And we look at your picture, and I kiss mother, once for you and once for me, and say my prayers and ask God to take good care of us and to bring you back to us soon. And I'm sure he will end this war soon. And then won't we be happy all together? Here is a loving kiss from your own little Son.

OLIVER'S SINGING

Oliver's singing
Comes down to my study,
As I sit in the twilight
Pouring the problem
Of this battered old planet,
This universe tragical,
Bloodily twirling.

Nearly all his small span
And through both of his birthdays
This senseless Hell-fury,
This horror has hurtled.
Yet he lies on his cot,
Happy, sleepy and singing.

This—I muse—at the core
Of our battered old planet,
Something young and untainted,
Something gay and undaunted,
Like a bud in its whiteness,
Like a bird in its joys,
Through the foul-smelling darkness,
Through the muck and the slaughter,
Pushes steadily forward,
Singing.

—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

This letter was written to his mother by one of our boys on Mother's Day, Lieut. Harold Miller, 117th Trench Mortar Battery. The circumstances of his departure may not be the same in your case, but I wonder if you have found the same word that he found—*appreciation*—and sent it on to her in messages of loving thought. You know that deeper than the sadness of sending you away are the pride and joy in her heart, because you are doing the brave, the manly, the righteous thing. She wouldn't have things otherwise. You are *living* those ideals of duty and manhood which she has sought to instill into you since your childhood days.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

FRANCE, May 12th, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

To-day is the "day of days" in the army, for America has requested each of her sons to pen a few lines to her who has sacrificed so much in the service of her country and for her son. So in this spirit, I take pen in hand to send you such poor appreciation as may be expressed in words.

To-day a picture was drawn upon my mind—a picture with a most wonderful setting. It seemed to portray a summer evening in a garden. Along one of the paths there walked three people, arms linked and faces set with a half-serious, half-sad expression. They were talking quietly in very low tones. On closer inspection I found in this group a man, a woman and a boy. The boy was dressed in the uniform of his country, the man and woman in the costumes of civilians. Then suddenly the scene shifted, I found the same group standing on the platform of a small railroad station. Around a bend in the track I saw an approaching train. It drew up to the platform. A few hurriedly spoken words were interchanged among the group. The man and woman each kissed the boy and boarded the train. In a second they were gone.

The boy, with lowered head, walked away—thinking. Mother dear, that group consisted of you, father and me, and the settings were the garden and station of the Garden City Hotel. The station was the setting for our last good-bye and this picture I shall always hold in my mind as a sacred memory of the birth of that which you had always thought (and justly so) was lacking—"appreciation."

There is a paragraph in the Y. M. C. A. pamphlet, published and circulated throughout the A. E. F. in commemoration of "Mother's Day," which beautifully expresses what each and every man of us is thinking:

"Far, far away we said good-bye to her; but she would not be left behind; she is with us, always with us. God could not be everywhere, so he gave us mother. We had boasted to ourselves that we were men, no longer held by apron-strings; and now we find it true, for the strings are become chains and we are proud of our shackles. Who

would have guessed from knowing us that mother sits throned in our hearts? But there she is, the one who knows us best, the one who counts upon us most, and by her very expectation makes us men such as we had not dreamed to be. Ay, God did a good thing when he gave us mother."

Let this paragraph then be an expression of my appreciation and my prayer: May God be merciful unto you and keep you; may God lift His countenance and let the light of His love fall upon you; may God be gracious unto you and give you peace. Amen.

With all the love in the world.

YOUR BOY.

PRAYERS

MORNING PRAYER

God and father!

I thank Thee that Thou hast preserved me through the night to see the day.

Help me to use all my powers to Thy purpose.

Strengthen within me the realization of the justice of our cause.

Be with me through the duties of this day, so that I may perform them like a man!

EVENING PRAYER

The day's work is done.

The shadows lengthen.

Night falls.

I thank Thee my Maker for the boon of sleep, of forgetfulness.

Into Thy hands I commit my spirit.

Be with me that I may rise refreshed and calm to perform the tasks of the morrow. Amen. Amen.

PRAYER BEFORE GOING INTO BATTLE

My God!

Be with me now, for I need Thee as never before!

Hearten me. Strengthen me.

Inspire me with courage that I may prove myself to be the man.

Be with me as I go forward!

Oh let me feel Thy presence as a friend at my side!

Into Thy hands I consign my life.

Use me as Thou wilt!

For I go to do Thy work as it is given me to see Thy work!

Not unto us, not unto us is the glory and the victory, but unto Thee! Amen. Amen.

PRAYER WHEN OUT ON GUARD OR ANY
OTHER DANGEROUS DUTY

Lord, God, Thou art my Guardian who slumbers
not nor sleeps.

I trust in Thee to give me strength to do my duty!

Let me not be afraid of the

"terror by night,

Nor of the arrow that flieth by day,

Nor of the pestilence that walketh in darkness,

Nor of the destruction that wasteth at noon-
day. . . ."

As it is written:

For He will give His angels charge over thee
To keep thee in all thy ways.

He shall call upon me and I will answer him;

I will be with him in trouble;

I will rescue him and bring him to honour.

With long life will I satisfy him

And make him to behold my salvation.

FOR THE DAY'S ROUND IN CAMP

O God, who hast appointed for us the labor and routine of the day, help us so to conduct ourselves that at nightfall we shall have no sense of failure or regret. We thank Thee for the challenge of definite tasks, for the growth in body, mind and soul that comes as we submit ourselves to discipline and seek to make ourselves fit in every way to defend the nation and to serve mankind. May we not weary of the monotony and limitations of camp life. Protect us from its peculiar perils. Make our thoughts clean, our hearts pure and our speech free from the language that coarsens

our characters and grieves Thee or offends our fellowmen. Alike in labor and in relaxation, may we be conscientious, highminded and considerate of one another. Bless those to whom Thou hast entrusted the duties of leadership, and bless all in the ranks, on whose obedience and fidelity to the various tasks assigned them depend the welfare and the honor of the camp. Remember all our comrades in the armies and navies of the United States in every land and on every sea, and make us all good soldiers of God and for humanity! Amen.—HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN, Y. M. C. A., *Service Song Book*.

FOR THOSE AT HOME

O God, Father in Heaven, who hast set Thy earthly children in families and given to them the joys of human companionship, bless, we beseech Thee, those from whom we are separated. May our mutual love bridge the distance between us. Assure them that in absence our hearts are true and may the thought of them restrain and inspire us day by day. Relieve them from undue anxiety in our behalf. Spare them, if it be Thy will, to us and us to them, so that in Thine own good time we may look once more upon their faces. Bestow upon them all that they need for the body and the soul. We thank Thee for those who ministered to us when we were young and weak, for the friends and kindred of maturer years, and for all whom we love. May we be more worthy of their noblest thoughts of us and may we serve them better in the future than in the past.—HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN, Y. M. C. A. *Service Song Book*.

FOR ALL MOTHERS

O God, we offer Thee praise and benediction for the sweet ministries of motherhood in human life. We bless Thee for our own dear mothers who built up our lives by theirs; who bore us in travail and loved us the more for the pain we gave; who nourished us at their breast and hushed us to sleep in the warm security of their arms. We thank Thee for their tireless love, for their voiceless prayers, for the agony with which they followed us through our sins and won us back, for the divine power of sacrifice and redemption in mother-love. We pray Thee to forgive us if in thoughtless selfishness we have taken their love as our due without giving the tenderness which they craved as their sole reward. And if the great treasure of a mother's life is still spared to us, may we do for her feebleness what she did for ours. Amen.—
WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

AGAINST IMPURITY

O Thou, whose light is about me and within me and to whom all things are present, help me this day to keep my life pure in Thy sight. Suffer me not by any lawless act of mine to befoul any innocent life or add to the shame and hopelessness of any erring one that struggles faintly against sin. Grant me a steadfast scorn for pleasure bought by human degradation. May no reckless word or wanton look from me kindle the slow fires of wayward passion that will char and consume the divine beauties of any soul. Give me grace to watch over the imaginations of my heart, lest in the unknown hour of my weakness

my secret thoughts leap into action and my honor be turned into shame.

Save our nation from the corruption that breeds corruption. Save our innocent sons and daughters from the secret curse that requites the touch of love with lingering death. O our God and father, Thou master of all who are both strong and pure, take our weak and passionate hearts under Thy control, that when the dusk settles upon our life, we may go to our long rest with no pang of shame, and may enter into the blessedness of seeing God, which Thou hast promised only to the pure in heart. Amen.—WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

O God, bless our Country! We lament before Thee the cruel necessity of war. But what could we do? Our dead by hundreds lie beneath the sea; the liberties that our sires baptized with their blood and handed down to us in trust, so that they are not ours alone but all humanity's, are torn in shreds; and a foe is loose against us whom we have not chosen, whom we have not aggrieved, and who in his will to conquer counts solemn oaths to be but scraps of paper and the chivalry of the seas an empty name. We have grown weary, to the sickness of our souls, sitting comfortably here, while others pour their blood like water forth for those things which alone can make this earth a decent place for man to live upon. What could we do? With all the evils of our nation's life, that we acknowledge and confess with shame, we yet plead before Thee that we have not wanted war, that we hate no man, that we covet no nation's possessions, that we have nothing for ourselves to gain from

war, unless it be a clear conscience and a better earth for all the nations to live and grow in. We plead before Thee that if patience and good will could have won the day, we gladly should have chosen them, and patience long since would have had her perfect work. And now we lay our hand upon our sword. Since we must draw it, O God, help us to play the man and to do our part in teaching ruthlessness once for all what it means to wake the sleeping lion of humanity's conscience. Amen.—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, *The Challenge of the Present Crisis*.

PRAYERS ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS

O God, great, mighty, and revered, in the abundance of Thy loving kindness I come before Thee to render thanks for all the benefits Thou hast bestowed upon me. In my distress I called upon Thee, and Thou didst answer me; from my bed of pain I cried unto Thee, and Thou didst hear the voice of my supplication. Thou hast chastened me sore, O Lord, but Thou didst not give me over unto death. In Thy love and pity Thou broughtest up my soul from the grave. For Thine anger is but a moment; Thy favour is for a lifetime: weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. The living, the living, he shall praise Thee, as I do this day, and my soul that Thou didst redeem shall tell Thy wonders unto the children of men. Blessed art Thou, the faithful physician unto all flesh.

O God, merciful and gracious, who dispensest kindnesses to the undeserving, I am indeed unworthy of all the mercies Thou hast hitherto shown unto me. O purify my heart, that I may

be fitted to walk in the way of the upright before Thee; and continue Thy help unto Thy servant. Restore me to perfect health, and with bodily vigour bless Thou me. Remove from me all sorrow and care, preserve me from all evil, and guide me with Thine own counsel; so shall the sun of righteousness ever arise unto me with healing in its wings.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable before Thee, O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer. Amen.—*From the Jewish Ritual.*

PRAYERS FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED

A PRAYER OF THE AFFLICTED, WHEN HE FAINTETH,
AND POURETH OUT HIS COMPLAINT
BEFORE THE LORD

O Lord, hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto Thee. Hide not Thy face from me in the day of my distress; incline Thine ear unto me; in the day when I call answer me speedily. I beseech Thee, O Lord, Healer of all flesh, have mercy upon me, and support me in Thy grace upon my bed of sickness, for I am weak. Send me and all who are sick among Thy children relief and cure. Assuage my pain, and renew my youth as the eagle's. Vouchsafe wisdom unto the physician that he may cure my wound, so that my health may spring forth speedily. Hear my prayer, prolong my life, let me complete my years in happiness, that I may be enabled to serve Thee and keep Thy statutes with a perfect heart. Give me understanding to know that this bitter trial hath come upon me for my welfare, so that I may not despise Thy chastening, nor weary of Thy reproof.—*From the Jewish Ritual.*

Out of the depths, O Lord, I cry unto Thee!
Hear me and answer me!
O let me feel Thy help. . . . !
Restore me to health and strength and home and
loved ones!
I do not ask that I be spared suffering.
Yet I do pray for courage and faith to bear.
Let me feel Thy everlasting arms beneath me.
For Thou art my Maker in whom I trust with my
whole heart and spirit! Amen.

PRAYER IN TIMES OF AFFLICTION

All-wise Ruler of our destinies, with a heavy heart I come before Thee in this hour of worship; with great sadness do I seek Thy face. Thou hast visited me with tribulation and tried me with sorrow. Mine are days of anguish and nights of weeping. Humbly I bow beneath Thy chastisement and try to accept Thy will. For what am I, a child of dust, that I should murmur against the wisdom of Thy ways? I know that Thy decrees, though hard to bear, are meant for good and not for evil. In the gloom around me, I look to Thee for light. Let me not perish in my misery; let me not seek in vain for Thy sustaining arm. Comfort me, as Thou alone canst, and sustain me until Thou changest the sackcloth of mourning for the garments of joy. Let me not repine at Thy chastening, O Lord, neither be weary of Thy correction, but may my present trial cleanse me from sins, redeem me from my faults, and give me new strength to do Thy will with a perfect heart. Amen.—*Union Prayer Book, Fecar.*

MEDITATIONS

WHAT HAS IT MEANT TO YOU?

Some time ago, I was speaking with a lad who, after serving through the campaigns of 1917 and part of 1918 in France, contracted a severe asthma and was returned for domestic duty in the United States. I asked him if he felt this war experience had caused any change in him. He studied hard a moment and then said, "Yes." "What?" I asked him. And I noticed a strange glow in his eyes as he said, "It has taught me sympathy; it has made me feel a strange, keen sense of fellowship, of brotherhood with men."

Oh, my lads, you have worked, trained, served, suffered and sacrificed together! You have seen the weakness, the foibles, the little petty humanness of men. There is no intimacy like the intimacy of the barracks.

What effect is all this to have on you?

You've been thrown all together in a jumble: black, white, yellow, brown and red! French, Italian, English, Russian, Jap, Chinese, Portuguese, American!

You've eaten and lived with Mohammedan, Confucian, Buddhist, Catholic, Protestant and Jew.

Haven't you found some good in all?

Haven't you Protestants seen good in Catholics and Jews?

Haven't you Jews seen good in Catholics and Protestants?

Haven't you Catholics seen good in Protestants and Jews?

Think, each of you, of some pal you had who was Catholic, Jew or Protestant.

It's the man that counts!

And you have seen that the big fundamental, human aspirations and ideals for God and goodness are the same in all races, nations and creeds.

Out there on the battlefield the crown of heroism and sacrifice rests on Catholic, Protestant and Jew alike.

Has this not taught you the meaning of true brotherhood?

Aren't you coming back resolved to cut the weed of prejudice—racial, national and religious—from your life?

You're fighting for the world's freedom and democracy!

Make sure that you are so disciplining your feelings and broadening your sympathies that when you return you will demand in all the might of your victorious strength, that tyranny and injustice in our social, political, economic and religious life shall be rooted out and cast away from our national life, as you shall have cast out the hated militarism!

Don't you think this war will have been fought in vain if men are not kinder to each other after it is over?

Jew—Catholic—Protestant.

Clasp hands in the common brotherhood of humanity, united in the fatherhood of the one God!

You've made the sacrifice boys!

You've suffered, you've looked deeper into life's awful mystery than all those left behind!

And you've learned the lesson of human sympathy!

In God's name come back, come back to us and:

Demand that we root out these base prejudices, these useless jealousies of creed and creed, these petty bickerings of cult and cult!

Demand that no man be mistreated or misjudged by reason of his faith!

Break down the artificial barriers of ecclesiastical domination!

Demand that in the world you've saved for democracy, democracy be practiced!

And that a man be judged and used according as he acts and not as he thinks!

SICK OF IT ALL?

Sick of it all?

The dirt and the grind and the taking orders; doing the same thing day after day; day after day, the same thing; the dead monotony of it all?

How the adventure, the heroism of the war, gripped you and pulled you into the war furnace!

Now it's not like you thought it was! Now it's hell!

Sure, it is, but shucks, smile fellow and make the most of it!

And meanwhile, think a bit!

Remember the times you used to kick before you got in?

What about the daily grind of office, or factory or shop?

How the hours used to drag then!

But what you *had* seems like heaven now!

Let me ask you a few questions:

What opportunities did you have? What did you make of them? Little? Much?

How many times did you put off the decision to buckle down to hard work and lay the foundation for the future? I'll do it later! Better time coming! "To-morrow!"

Lad, we've all been there. But

Sometime we're going to win. You're going to help us win the war!

You'll be coming back home. The thing will be done for which you went. The discipline will be over. You'll re-enter civil life.

What will this experience have meant to you?

Are you building and planning right now for that time?

Either the army life will have aroused within you all the beast that is latent in every man, or it will have stimulated the best within you; either it will have brutalized you because of your easy succumbing to the ever-present temptations, or it will have ennobled you; it will have laid the foundation for that strength of character which will insure your success after the fight is over, when you return to the peaceful battles of daily life.

It will either make you or break you.

It is up to you!

Resolve now that whatever comes you're going to take it like a man; you're going to smile and say to war: "You've tried your best to break me, to kill me, to unmake me, to unman me! But. . . NO!

You may bruise my body!

You may bring me down to days of agony and nights of hell!

But you can't crush my spirit!

You can't drag me down into the dust of degradation and leave me stranded there!

You can't kill my manhood!

I'm going back better, stronger, nobler, in the things that make a man.

MEDITATION

My God, the soul which Thou has given unto me came pure from Thee. Thou hast created it, Thou has formed it, Thou hast breathed it into me, Thou hast preserved it in this body, and at the appointed time Thou wilt take it from this earth that it may enter upon the life everlasting. While the soul animates my being, I will worship Thee, Sovereign of the world and Lord of all souls. Blessed be Thou, O God, in whose hands are the souls of all the living and the spirits of all flesh.—*Sabbath Morning Service, Jewish Ritual.*

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A MAN?

There are two words in Latin meaning man—Homo and Vir.

Homo is the broader, more general, term to distinguish between male and female.

We are born homo. It's beyond our power to be otherwise.

Vir!

I prefer this word. It describes the real man.

Our words virile and virtuous come from Vir!

These qualities are not instinct within us. They are acquired!

We, every man of us, may acquire them.

There is nothing really manly unless it is virtuous, virile, good!

What are you? Homo or Vir?

HAVE YOU EVER SAID

I'm not religious?

And you probably meant it.

You've gambled away months of pay.

You've run after women.

You've wallowed in smut and,

You've cussed like a trooper!

You don't go to church or synagogue.

You don't believe in the Bible.

You can't swallow the miracles of Jonah and all the rest.

You don't believe in theologies.

You can't understand them!

You don't believe in forms and ceremonies.

All right old man, I'm following you.

Now follow me just a minute!

I say you're religious!

You believe in helping the other fellow!

You won't turn yellow under fire, but you'll stick—or fall!

You'll stop to give water to a wounded comrade and bind up his bleeding with tenderness!

You'll risk your life with the bullets flying thick as hail, to drag him in safe!

You'll take your medicine like a man!

You won't play up or swank!

You're frank!

Honest!

You don't pretend to be better than you are!

What are these qualities, fellows?

Heroism, sacrifice, tenderness, sincerity!

Doesn't religion teach these things?

There's something wrong somewhere if men who have these qualities which religion is supposed to

inculcate are made to feel themselves irreligious or unreligious by the teachers of organized religion!

You've sat out alone under the stars and thought it over!

How incomprehensible,—the world!

How overwhelming, Majestic!

How distant, yet how near!

You feel the breath of the Great Spirit as He breathes through the brooding silence!

Remember what Alan Seeger said: He felt, "a sort of companionship with the stars. . . ."

Where did it all come from?

World on world! Space without end!

You have felt the grip of the universe as the Psalmist who said: "When I think of Thy heavens the work of Thy hands, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

That's religion!

And then yourself!

Remember the longing for the good!

Remember that vision you've dreamed of what you would be? Of what you would make of your life?

Remember how you have regretted the times when, like a dog with its tail between its legs, you sneaked away from the scene of some excess? Ashamed! Ashamed!

Remember when something burned within you—a pain indescribable? Remorse! Regret!

Remember the stiffened will power? The determination to make good?

That's religion!

Remember the devotion you have for that pal—your buddie? You'd do anything for him?

Remember the love for the "little girl at home"?

Remember the tender chords that vibrate in your heart for mother? God bless her!

That's religion!

Men! Don't identify religion with its garment of theology, of creed, of ceremony!

You've within you the virtues: heroism, sacrifice, devotion to the right and the true!

You stand in speechless wonder before the inexplicable universe.

You are filled with reverence at the majesty of it all.

Your heart vibrates tenderly to the theme of sympathy, of love.

You know the emptiness of immorality, the pain of shame!

Don't say, "I'm not religious!"
You are!

READINGS

FROM THE JOURNALS OF EMERSON

(Entries made shortly before his 21st birthday)

SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1823.

.....
One youth among the multitudes of mankind, one grain of sand on the seashore, unknown in the midst of my contemporaries, I am hastening to put on the manly robe. From childhood the names of the great have ever resounded in my ear, and it is impossible that I should be indifferent to the rank which I must take in the innumerable assembly of men, or that I should shut my eyes upon the huge interval which separates me from the minds which I am wont to venerate. Every young man is prone to be misled by the suggestions of his own ill-founded ambition, which he mistakes for the promptings of a secret Genius. . . . It is not Time, nor Fate, nor the World, that is half so much his foe as the demon Indolence within him. A man's enemies are those of his own household. But if a man shall diligently consider what it is which most forcibly impedes the natural greatness of his mind, he will assuredly find that slothful, sensual indulgence is the real unbroken barrier and that when he has overleaped this, God has set no bounds to his progress. . . . We boast of our free agency. What is this but to say, God has put into our hands the elements of our character, the iron and the brass, the silver and the gold, to choose and to fashion them as we will. But we are afraid of the toil, we bury them in a napkin, instead of moulding them into rich and enduring

vessels. This view is by far the most animating to exertion. It speaks life and courage to the soul. Mistrust no more your ability, the rivalry of others or the final event. Make speed to plan, to execute, to fulfil; forfeit not one moment more in the dalliance of sloth; for the work is vast, the time is short and opportunity is a headlong thing which tarries for no man's necessities. Habits of labour are paths to heaven. . . . It commands no outward austerities. Do not put ashes on your head, nor sackcloth on your loins, nor a belt of iron for your girdle. But mortify the *mind*, put on humility and temperance for ashes, and bind about the soul as with iron. The soul is a fertile soil, which will grow rank and to waste, if left to itself. If you wish, therefore, to see it bud out abundantly and bring an harvest richer an hundred and a thousand fold, bind it, bind it with the restraint of cultivation. . . .

MARCH 26.

It is overgrown with tares and poisons. Suffer no longer this noisesome barrenness. Harrow it up with thoughts. Fill it with the joys and wholesome apprehensions of a reasonable being, instead of the indifference of a brute.

MARCH 28.

These are the clamours with which conscience pursues and upbraids me—happy if they were undeserved—happiest could they accomplish their end! But the inscrutable future comes down in darkness and finds us in the thrall of the same old enemies, with all our hopes and full-blown intentions thick on our heads. For your life, then, for your life! Crawl on a few steps farther in the next twelve months!—VOL. I, pp. 242-4.

SEEKERS FOR THE WAY

Every religion, however imperfect, has something that ought to be held sacred, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the unknown God. This thought of God is an elixir made to destroy death in the world, an unfailing treasure to relieve the poverty of mankind, a balm to allay his sickness, a tree under which may rest all creatures wearied with wanderings over life's pathways. It is a bridge for passing over hard ways, open to all wayfarers; a moon of thought arising to cool the fever of the world's sin, and whatever name His followers may call Him, He is the One True God of all Mankind.

Whether we see the coolie bowing his head before the image of the Lord of Light; the Buddha; or the peasant woman at the feet of Kwanyin, we ought to feel that the place is holy ground. We hear it said that he is worshipping an idol, a thing of stone or wood or clay. It is not so. He is thinking far beyond the statue, he is seeing his God. He looks upward toward the sky and asks what supports that cup of blue. He hears the winds and asks whence they come and where they go. He rises for his toil at break of day and sees the morning sun start on his golden journey. And Him who is the cause of all these wonders, he calls his Life, his Breath, his Lord of All. He does not believe that the idol is his God. "'Tis to the light which Thy splendor lends to the idol's face, that the worshipper bends."

The difference between us lies not in the real teaching of our holy men, Confucius, Buddha, or Christ, but in the narrowness of the structure which their followers have built upon their words. Those sages reared a broad foundation on which might

have been built, stone by stone, a mighty pagoda reaching to the skies. There could have been separate rooms, but no closed doors, and from out the pointed roofs might have pealed the deep-toned bells caught by every wandering breeze to tell the world that here is the Truth of the One Great God. But, instead, what have they done? The followers have each built separately over that portion which was the work of their own Master. The stories have grown narrower and narrower with the years; each bell rings out with its own peculiar tone, and there is no accord or harmony.

* * * * *

We should not value the teaching of our religion "as a miser values his pearls and jade, thinking their value lessened if pearls and jade are found in other parts of the world." But the searchers after Truth will welcome any true doctrine, and believe it no less precious because it was spoken by another prophet. . . . We should feel the influence of things divine and pray, because by winding paths we all may reach the same great Ocean's shore. We all are searchers for the Way. Whence do I come; whither do I go? In this passage from the unknown to the unknown, this pilgrimage of life, which is the straight path, which the true road—if indeed there be a Way? Such are the questions that all the world is asking. What is the true answer; where may we find it? Whose holy book holds the key that will open wide the door?

* * * * *

Which is the Way, which path to God is broad enough for all the world?—ELIZABETH COOPER, *The Lady of the Chinese Court Yard*.

EXCERPTS FROM THE POEMS OF ROBERT
BROWNING

I go to prove my soul!

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

One man shall crawl

Through life surrounded with all stirring things,
Unmoved; and he goes mad: and from the wreck
Of what he was, by his wild talk alone,
You first collect how great a spirit he hid.
Therefore, set free the soul alike in all,
Discovering the true laws by which the flesh
Accloys the spirit! We may not be doomed
To cope with seraphs, but at least the rest
Shall cope with us. Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once! We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!
Such is my task. I go to gather this
The sacred knowledge, here and there dispersed
About the world, long lost or never found.
And why should I be sad or lorn of hope?
Why ever make man's good distinct from God's.
Or, finding they are one, why dare mistrust?
But one thing, Festus, Michal! say
Do you believe I shall accomplish this?
Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One—when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One—when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!

—Paracelsus.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare never grudge the
throe.

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink
i' the scale.

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility.—Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time:
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while he endures:
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's.

—*A Soul's Tragedy.*

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,

Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

Life is a sheet of paper white,
 Whereon each one of us may write,
 A word or two and then comes night.

Lo! Time and space enough we cry
 To write an epic; so we try
 Our nibs upon the edge and die.

Seek not which way the pen to hold,
 Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
 Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! Though you have time
 But for a line, be that sublime.
 Not failure, but low aim is crime!

—JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL,
Lines for an Autograph.

EXCERPTS FROM A BOOK OF JEWISH
THOUGHTS FOR SOLDIERS AND
SAILORS

(Selected and arranged by Chief Rabbi Hertz of
England)

TOLERANCE

Your question, why I do not try to make converts, has, I must say, somewhat surprised me. The duty to proselyte springs clearly from the idea that outside a certain belief there is no salvation. I, as a Jew, am not bound to accept that dogma, because according to the rabbis, "The righteous of all nations shall have part in the rewards of the future world." Your motive, therefore, is foreign to me; nay, as a Jew, I am not allowed publicly to attack any religion which is sound in its moral teachings.—MOSES MENDELSSOHN, 1770, *to a non-Jewish correspondent*.

AKDAMUTH

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were ev'r'y blade of grass a quill,
Were the world of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love
Of God above
Would drain that ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll
Contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

—MEIR BEN ISAAC NEHORAI, 1050.

YOM KIPPUR MEDITATIONS

My soul, be not senseless, like a beast, deeply sunk—be not drowsy with passion drunk. Hewn from reason's mine thou art, from wisdom's well thy waters start, from the Lord's heavenly realm!

My soul, let not the body's wanton pleasures capture thee, its showy treasures not enrapture thee; they melt away like the dew before the day, they avail not when they begin and their end is shame and sin.

My soul, look carefully back on thy pilgrim's track; all cometh from the dust and thither return it must. Whatever has been molded and built, when its time is fulfilled, must go back to the ground where its material was found. Death is life's brother. They keep fast to one another, each taking hold of one end of their plunder, and none can tear them asunder. Soon thou wilt come to thy eternal home, where thou must show thy work and receive thy wages on rightful scales and gauges, or good or bad, according to the worth of thy deeds on earth.

Therefore get thee up, and to thy Master pray, by night and day, bow down before Him, be meek, and let thy tears bedew thy cheek. Seek the Lord, thy Light, and with all thy might; walk in meekness, pursue the right; so that with His mercy-screen the Master hide thee in the day of disaster. Then thou shalt shine like the heavens bright, and like the sun when going forth in might; and o'er thy head shall be spread the rays of the sun of grace that brings healing and joy in his wings.—
BACHYA IBN PAKUDAH, 1040.

THE TWO NATURES IN MAN

It is because man is half angel and half brute that his inner life witnesses such bitter war between such unlike natures. The brute in him clamors for sensual joy and things in which there is only vanity; but the angel resists and strives to make him know that meat, drink, sleep, are but means whereby the body may be made efficient for the study of the truths, and doing of the will of God. Not until the very hour of his death can it be certain or known to what measure the victory has been won. He who is but a novice in the fear of God will do well to say audibly each day as he rises: "This day I will be a faithful servant of the Almighty. I will be on my guard against wrath, falsehood, hatred and quarrelsomeness and will forgive those who wound me." For whoso forgives is forgiven in his turn: hard-heartedness and a temper that will not make up quarrels are a heavy burden of sin and unworthy of an Israelite.—MOSES BEN JACOB OF COUCY, *13th Century*.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF DEATH

The contemplation of death should plant within the soul elevation and peace. Above all, it should make us see things in their true light. For all things which seem foolish in the light of death are foolish in themselves. To be annoyed because so-and-so has slighted us or been somewhat more successful in social distinction, pulled himself one rung higher up the ladder than ourselves—how ridiculous all this seems when we couple it with death! To pass each day simply and solely in the eager pursuit of money or of fame, this also seems like living with shadows when one might take one's part with realities. Surely when death is at

hand we should desire to say, "I have contributed my grain to the great store of the eternal, I have borne my part in the struggle for goodness." And let no man or woman suppose that the smallest social act of goodness is wasted for society at large. All our help, petty though it be, is needed, and though we know not the manner, the fruit of every faithful service is surely gathered in. Let the true and noble words of a great teacher ring in conclusion upon our ears: "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."—C. G. MONTEFIORE.

HOW TO FACE LIFE

We are to fare forth upon the seas of life, without chart. But some of us attempt to sail the sea rudderless, helmless, starless. Men and women embark upon life without ever having given thought to the storms which beset, to the rocks which threaten, to the unknown terrors which may lie before. And then it is wondered why many fail to make port, why the ships of life frequently founder upon the high seas. The wonder ought rather to be that so many enter triumphantly into the harbor of eternity, seeing how rarely men map out life in advance, seeing how grudging is the time spent upon preparation, seeing how seldom men diligently and consciously prepare to meet those difficulties and burdens and problems which adequate preparedness for life alone can fit the soul for fate.

Give to yourself something great, enroll under the banner of a high cause, choose as your own

some standard of self-sacrifice, attach yourself to a movement that makes not for your own gain, but for the welfare of men, and you will have come upon a richly satisfying as well as engrossing adventure. Either your spirit will greatly and bravely, nobly and self-forgettingly adventure or you will be in danger of yielding to the dominance of your appetites, you will be in peril of being overcome by your masterful passions. Dare to give every power of your life to the furtherance of a mighty cause. Let your spirit come under the dominance of a high and exalting enthusiasm. So will you gain the mastery over yourself, not as a matter of prudence, not as a matter of caution, not as a matter of timidity, not as a matter of duty.

Let something so high and noble come into your life that it shall be expulsive of everything low and mean. The men one honors most, the men one has reason to cherish most highly, are those into whose lives something so lofty and commanding has come, as to have left no room for the mean and the petty.—STEPHEN S. WISE.

To the youth of the nation I turn and bid them: "Lift up your hearts! Banish the trivial and unworthy, purge your souls! "

We have embarked upon the greatest adventure in history. We have set out not to gain the whole world nor any of the world, but to save the soul of liberty and democracy. We proclaim anew, the world cannot exist half-democratic and half-despotic. We want nothing for ourselves save that which all nations should of right possess. May we be equal to the urgency of the task and the greatness of the destiny. The Old World gave life to the New. Let the New World bring liberty to the Old. The American democracy goes forth puissant and in-

domitable, not in the fear of defeat for itself, but in the hope of triumph for liberty, for justice, for democracy, for the peace of the world. Upon the warfare, upon that great and solemn undertaking, I dare to ask the blessing of Almighty God to the end that free America may free the world.—STEPHEN S. WISE, *The World War for Humanity*.

THE WAY OF LIFE

The rabbis tell a story that when God created man of dust of the earth and moulded him in form and stature, he was not satisfied with the work of his hands. Man was a creature of wondrous beauty and marvelously wrought, but there was wanting something to complete the perfect harmony of his handiwork. A ministering angel whispered in His ear! God took the dust again and mixed it with a tear and was pleased with what he had done!

“Man, thou wast of all the elements of nature composed. Birth, growth, decay mingled in thee.

Beauty was thy mother!

Strength thy attribute

Joy thy purpose.

But see! I have given thee the knowledge of good and evil, the gladness of pain.

I have breathed into thy consciousness, the worth of Sacrifice.

Thou shalt know the grandeur of struggle for moral perfection.

Common clay thou wast! Divinity is now thy attainment.”

By this they mean to say that sacrifice is at the root of life. It is that which gives to existence its worth and its value.

Such is the hymn that nature's limitless phenomena sing to us—Divinity is attainable. But you

must pay the price. Pay it in tears and renunciation, and leap forward over graves of the past. Sacrifice is the law of life. Not a thing in all creation whose common clay is unmixed with a tear!

Oh! The boundless prodigality of nature! Why the abundant outpourings from the spring skies that mar the beauty of the perfect days, that flood the streets and drench the lands and keep us housed in fear of dread sickness? Know you that unto the hidden springs of the underearth the water goes, stored up as refreshment against the summer drought?

A million seeds blown by the winds from the heart of the sunflower and yet perchance but one takes root and blossoms in radiant welcome to the chariot of the noon. As Goethe has said, "In order to spend on one side nature is forced to economize on the other." And Darwin commenting: "If nourishment flows to one part or organ in excess, it rarely flows, at least in excess, to another part; thus is it difficult to get a cow to give much milk and to fatten readily. The same varieties of cabbage do not yield abundant and nutritious foliage and a copious supply of oil-bearing seeds. "When the seeds in our fruit become atrophied, the fruit itself gains in size and quality."

Yonder oak tree, standing firm and steady, mighty monarch of the forest aisles, whose strength is seen in deep-lined bark and branch silhouetted against the sky tells the story of heroic struggle. Conqueror of a thousand storms! He too must pay the price when the wind comes gaily from the west. The stag in the fable admired his horns and abhorred his uncomely feet, but when the hunter spied him his feet saved him until later, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him.

And parenthood with its joys! The thrill of the first cry with which the newborn babe enters life! the first smile, the greedy hands, the meaningless syllables, the utter dependence, the marvellous potentialities, the miraculous unfolding of body and mind and soul. But we pay the price in hours of anxiety, in nights of waiting, in watches of prayer.

Sacrifice is the price all nature pays for life, growth and achievement!

And nature, speaking a universal language, exemplifies in the life of the individual the same inexorable law! Absalom, given a charm of manner and a beauty of form and a glory of hair is brought to his doom by his vanity and meets an inglorious end like the stag in the fable.

The martyr glimpses an enthralling truth and leaves home and friends. He speaks the burning words which will redeem the world, but his portion is scorn and ridicule and persecution by his contemporaries who do not understand him.

Beethoven heard the music of the spheres and sensed the divinest harmonies that ever vibrated through the soul of man, yet his was a vision in the darkness of blinded eyes and the sweet sounds of every-day things were silence in his ears!

Michael Angelo wrought in colors the finest visions of the human soul, but to do this he dug with his own hands from the earth the necessary pigments and he mixed and compounded them himself.

Do you remember Jean Valjean? What a valiant struggle against evil impulses within, against social wrongs without, against untoward circumstances which demanded endless sacrifice, constant renunciation. At the end we see him in his garret! He does not dare call to his bedside the two beings dearest to him on earth. Such joy is not for him. All the story of his weary years passes through his

mind; his eyes are dim with the mists of tender memories. Alone! Alone! The Gates of Eternity open to receive him. The candles in the room flicker, sputter, his spirit wanes. The Angel of Death enters. A smile of peace trembles on his dying lips! Alone he passes to meet his God! No character in literature rises to nobler heights than Jean Valjean. His story is an epic of human life whose leitmotif is sacrifice, atonement, reconciliation, redemption.

And you, who have some burden weighing heavy on your heart, some cruel disappointment, some hard disillusionment, a loss of wealth, or friend, the death of a beloved wife or husband, child or loved-one, may you believe with Emerson: "These things operate revolutions in our life, they may terminate an epoch of infancy or youth that was waiting to be closed. They may have broken up a wonted occupation, or a household, or a style of living; but may they not allow the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character? May they not be the sacrifice that redeems? You may have remained a sunny garden flower, my friend, with no room for roots and too much sunshine for the head and by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener you have become the banian of the forest yielding fruit to wide neighborhoods of men."

Sacrifice is the law of life! Progress must be paid for in the coin of the realm. Great is the privilege to live in this day, when the world is in travail, and a new freedom and justice are to shed their radiant light on all the peoples! Great is the privilege. But grave is the responsibility!

I hear men say: "Oh it is a grievous thing. The world's gone mad. Lust and murder are kings." And they ask: "Why? Why can these things not be settled without this sacrifice, this loss?"

You who speak thus do not know the law of life. You must pay! But be comforted! The bestiality and the woe and the suffering are but one side of the picture. Know that for every German atrocity which shames humanity and drags it into the dust of degradation, there is a noble heroism which redeems, a sacrifice that consecrates, a funeral pyre that glorifies. I think to-day of the millions unleashed by the beast of Europe. I think of the endless waves of men who are hurled ceaselessly against the battleline of civilization; of the stealthy advance yard by yard, mile by mile; of the unspeakable calamity if the Boche is not stopped. I think of the world as we would have it: FREE. And I say:

"It cannot be! It must not be!

"It were better to die than to live in a Germanized world!

"But it were better to live and to fight to free the world."

I think of those young men, those glorious youths of France, England and America who are standing at the outposts of civilization, defending with their lives all that is sacred and holy to us. When I realize all the strain and the wrack, when I think on the endurance, the sacrifice that they are making, I know they cannot fail. These heroes lift humanity to the plane of Divinity. They call to us. "We have found the way of life! If Freedom is worth while, it is worth struggling for, worth dying for. The world can be purified and cleaned only through sacrifice."

Fight on brave men! You shall not sacrifice in vain. Under the banner of freedom and justice and democracy, you fight for God and humanity, and through your unbounded giving the world shall be redeemed!—*From The Way of Life* (A Sermon before Baltimore Hebrew Congregation)..

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you:
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
And make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master

If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim:

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools;

If you can make a heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but not too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth, and everything that's in it,
And what is more—You'll be a Man, my son!

—KIPLING.

WISDOM

Surely there is a mine for silver,
And a place for gold which they refine.
Iron is taken out of the earth,
And brass is molten out of the stone.
Man setteth an end to darkness,
And searcheth out, to the furthest bound,
The stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of
death.

He breaketh open a shaft away from where men
sojourn;

He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock;
He overturneth the mountains by the roots.
He cutteth out passages among the rocks
And his eye seeth every precious thing.
He bindeth the streams that they trickle not,
And the thing that is hid he bringeth forth to light.

But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof:
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The deep saith, It is not with me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
Whence then cometh wisdom?

And where is the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all the living
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and Death say,
We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof,
And He knoweth the place thereof.
And unto man He said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

—JOB 28:1-4, 9-15, 20-23, 28.

THE FAITHFUL

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye on Him while He is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the man of unrighteousness his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and unto our God for He will abundantly pardon.

For not My thoughts are your thoughts, and not your ways are My ways, saith the Lord.

For as high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are My ways above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts.

For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven and return not thither, but water the earth, and render it fruitful and cause it to bring forth plants, and give seed to the sower and bread to him that eateth;

So shall ever be My word which goeth forth from My mouth, it shall not return unto Me without effect; but it accomplisheth what I desire, and it prospereth in that whereto I have sent it.

—ISAIAH 55:6-11.

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning. And thy healing shall spring forth speedily: And thy righteousness shall go before thee; The glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer: Thou shalt cry and He shall say, "Here I am." If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke. The putting forth of the finger, and speaking wickedness.

And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, And satisfy the afflicted soul; Then shall thy light arise in darkness, And the gloom be as the noonday:

And the Lord will continually guide thee, And satisfy thy soul in drought, And make strong thy

bones; And thou shalt be as a watered garden, And like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; And thou shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.—ISAIAH 58:8-12.

THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man rejoice in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercises lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.—JEREMIAH 9:23-24.

He that planteth the ear, shall He not hear?
He that formed the eye, shall He not see?
He that instructeth the nations, shall He not correct,
Even He that teacheth man knowledge?

—PSALM 94:9-10.

READINGS FROM THE PSALMS

PSALMS

- 1 **HAPPY** is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor stood in the way of sinners,
Nor sat in the seat of the scornful.
2 **But** his delight is in the law of the LORD;
And in His law doth he meditate day and night.
3 **And** he shall be like a tree planted by streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
And whose leaf doth not wither;
And in whatsoever he doeth he shall prosper.
- 4 **Not** so the wicked;
But they are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5 **Therefore** the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6 **For** the LORD regardeth the way of the righteous;
But the way of the wicked shall perish.
- 19 **For** the Leader. A Psalm of David.
- 2 **The** heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handiwork;
3 **Day** unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night revealeth knowledge;
4 **There** is no speech, there are no words,
Neither is their voice heard.
5 **Their** line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath He set a tent for the sun,
6 **Which** is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
7 **His** going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
8 **The** law of the LORD is perfect, restoring the soul;

The testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

⁹The precepts of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart;

The commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

¹⁰The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever;

The ordinances of the LORD are true, they are righteous altogether;

¹¹More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

¹²Moreover by them is Thy servant warned; In keeping of them there is great reward.

¹³Who can discern errors? Clear Thou me from hidden faults.

¹⁴Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins,

That they may not have dominion over me; then shall I be faultless,

And I shall be clear from great transgression.

¹⁵Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable before Thee,

O LORD, my Rock, and my Redeemer.

25 [A Psalm] of David.

N Unto Thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

2 O my God, in Thee have I trusted, let me not be ashamed; Let not mine enemies triumph over me.

3 Yea, none that wait for Thee shall be ashamed;

They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously without cause.

4 Show me Thy ways, O LORD;

Teach me Thy paths.

5 Guide me in Thy truth, and teach me;

For Thou art the God of my salvation;

For Thee do I wait all the day.

6 Remember, O LORD, Thy compassions and Thy mercies;

For they have been from of old.

7 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions;

According to Thy mercy remember Thou me,

For Thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

8 Good and upright is the LORD;

Therefore doth He instruct sinners in the way.

- 1 ⁹He guideth the humble
 in justice;
 And He teacheth the
 humble His way.
- 2 ¹⁰All the paths of the
 LORD are mercy and
 truth
 Unto such as keep His
 covenant and His
 testimonies.
- 3 ¹¹For Thy name's sake,
 O LORD,
 Pardon mine iniquity,
 for it is great.
- 4 ¹²What man is he that
 feareth the LORD?
 Him will He instruct
 in the way that he
 should choose.
- 5 ¹³His soul shall abide in
 prosperity;
 And his seed shall in-
 herit the land.
- 6 ¹⁴The counsel of the
 LORD is with them
 that fear Him;
 And His covenant, to
 make them know it.
- 7 ¹⁵Mine eyes are ever to-
 ward the LORD;
 For He will bring
 forth my feet out of
 the net.
- 8 ¹⁶Turn Thee unto me,
 and be gracious un-
 to me;
 For I am solitary and
 afflicted.
- 9 ¹⁷The troubles of my
 heart are enlarged;
 O bring Thou me out
 of my distresses.
- 10 ¹⁸See mine affliction and
 my travail;
 And forgive all my
 sins.
- 11 ¹⁹Consider how many
 are mine enemies,
 And the cruel hatred
 wherewith they hate
 me,
- 12 ²⁰O keep my soul, and
 deliver me;
 Let me not be ashamed,
 for I have taken
 refuge in Thee.
- 13 ²¹Let integrity and up-
 rightness preserve
 me,
 Because I wait for
 Thee.
- 14 ²²Redeem Israel, O God,
 Out of all his troubles.
- 27 [A Psalm] of David.
 The LORD is my light
 and my salvation;
 whom shall I fear?
 The LORD is the strong-
 hold of my life; of
 whom shall I be
 afraid?
- 1 ²When evil-doers came
 upon me to eat up
 my flesh,
 Even mine adversaries
 and my foes, they
 stumbled and fell.
- 2 ³Though a host should
 encamp against me,
 My heart shall not fear;
 Though war should rise
 up against me,
 Even then will I be
 confident.

⁴One thing have I asked
of the LORD, that will
I seek after:

That I may dwell in the
house of the LORD all
the days of my life,
To behold the gracious-
ness of the LORD, and
to visit early in His
temple.

⁵For He concealeth me
in His pavilion in the
day of evil;

He hideth me in the
covert of His tent;
He lifeth me up upon
a rock.

⁶And now shall my head
be lifted up above
mine enemies round
about me;

And I will offer in His
tabernacle sacrifices
with trumpet-sound;

I will sing, yea, I will
sing praises unto the
LORD.

⁷Hear, O LORD, when I
call with my voice,
And be gracious unto
me, and answer me.

⁸In Thy behalf my heart
hath said: 'Seek ye
My face';

Thy face, LORD, will I
seek.

⁹Hide not Thy face from
me;

Put not Thy servant
away in anger;

Thou hast been my
help;

Cast me not off, neither
forsake me, O God of
my salvation.

¹⁰For though my father
and my mother have
forsaken me,
The LORD will take me
up.

¹¹Teach me Thy way, O
LORD;
And lead me in an even
path.

Because of them that
lie in wait for me.

¹²Deliver me not over
unto the will of mine
adversaries;

For false witnesses are
risen up against me,
and such as breathe
out violence.

¹³If I had not believed to
look upon the good-
ness of the LORD
In the land of the
living!—

¹⁴Wait for the LORD;
Be strong, and let thy
heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou for the
LORD.

46 For the Leader; [a
Psalm] of the sons of
Korah; upon Alamoth. A
Song.

²God is our refuge and
strength,
A very present help in
trouble.

³Therefore will we not
fear, though the earth
do change,
And though the moun-
tains be moved into
the heart of the seas;
⁴Though the waters
thereof roar and foam,
Though the mountains
shake at the swelling
thereof. Selah

⁵There is a river, the
streams whereof
make glad the city of
God,

The holiest dwelling-
place of the Most
High.

⁶God is in the midst of
her, she shall not be
moved;

God shall help her, at
the approach of
morning.

⁷Nations were in tumult,
kingdoms were
moved;

He uttered His voice,
the earth melted.

⁸The LORD of hosts is
with us;

The God of Jacob is
our high tower.

Selah

90 A Prayer of Moses the man of God.

Lord, Thou hast been
our dwelling-place in
all generations.

²Before the mountains
were brought forth,

Or ever Thou hadst
formed the earth and
the world,

Even from everlasting
to everlasting, Thou
art God.

³Thou turnest man to
contrition;

And sayest: 'Return,
ye children of men.'

⁴For a thousand years
in Thy sight

Are but as yesterday
when it is past,

And as a watch in the
night.

⁵Thou carriest them
away as with a flood;
they are as a sleep;

In the morning they
are like grass which
groweth up.

⁶In the morning it flour-
isheth, and groweth
up;

In the evening it is cut
down, and withereth.

⁷For we are consumed in
Thine anger,

And by Thy wrath are
we hurried away.

⁸Thou hast set our in-
iquities before Thee,
Our secret sins in the
light of Thy counte-
nance.

⁹For all our days are
passed away in Thy
wrath;

We bring our years to
an end as a tale that
is told.

¹⁰The days of our years
are threescore years
and ten,

Or even by reason of
strength fourscore
years;

Yet is their pride but
travall and vanity;

For it is speedily gone,
and we fly away.

¹¹Who knoweth the
power of Thine anger,
And Thy wrath accord-
ing to the fear that
is due unto Thee?

¹²So teach us to number
our days,
That we may get us a
heart of wisdom.

¹³Return, O LORD; how
long?

And let it repent Thee
concerning Thy serv-
ants.

¹⁴O satisfy us in the
morning with Thy
mercy;

That we may rejoice
and be glad all our
days.

¹⁵Make us glad according
to the days wherein
Thou hast afflicted us,
According to the years
wherein we have seen
evil.

¹⁶Let Thy work appear
unto Thy servants,
And Thy glory upon
their children.

¹⁷And let the gracious-
ness of the Lord our
God be upon us;

Establish Thou also
upon us the work of
our hands;

Yea, the work of our
hands establish Thou
it.

91 O thou that dwellest
in the covert of the
Most High.

And abidest in the
shadow of the Al-
mighty;

²I will say of the LORD,
who is my refuge and
my fortress,

My God, in whom I
trust,

³That He will deliver
thee from the snare
of the fowler,
And from the noisome
pestilence.

⁴He will cover thee with
His pinions,

And under His wings
shalt thou take
refuge;

His truth is a shield and
a buckler.

⁵Thou shalt not be afraid
of the terror by night,
Nor of the arrow that
flieth by day;

⁶Of the pestilence that
walketh in darkness,
Nor of the destruction
that wasteth at noon-
day.

⁷A thousand may fall at
thy side,

And ten thousand at thy
right hand;

It shall not come nigh
thee.

⁸Only with thine eyes
shalt thou behold,
And see the recompense
of the wicked.

⁹For thou hast made the
LORD who is my
refuge,
Even the Most High,
thy habitation.

¹⁰There shall no evil be-
fall thee,
Neither shall any
plague come nigh thy
tent.

¹¹For He will give His
angels charge over
thee,
To keep thee in all thy
ways.

¹²They shall bear thee
upon their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot
against a stone.

¹³Thou shalt tread upon
the lion and asp;
The young lion and the
serpent shalt thou
trample under feet.

¹⁴Because he hath set his
love upon Me, there-
fore will I deliver
him;
I will set him on high,
because he hath
known My name.

¹⁵He shall call upon Me,
and I will answer
him;

I will be with him in
trouble;

I will rescue him, and
bring him to honour.

¹⁶With long life will I
satisfy him,
And make him to be-
hold My salvation.'

140 Bless the LORD, O
my soul.

O LORD my God, Thou
art very great;

Thou art clothed with
glory and majesty.

²Who coverest Thyself
with light as with a
garment,

Who stretchest out the
heavens like a cur-
tain;

³Who layest the beams
of Thine upper cham-
bers in the waters,

Who makest the clouds
Thy chariot,

Who walkest upon the
wings of the wind;

⁴Who makest winds Thy
messengers,

The flaming fire Thy
ministers.

⁵Who didst establish the
earth upon its found-
ations,

That it should not be
moved for ever and
ever;

⁶Thou didst cover it with
the deep as with a
vesture;

The waters stood above
the mountains.

- ⁷At Thy rebuke they fled,
At the voice of Thy
thunder they hasted
away—
- ⁸The mountains rose, the
valleys sank down—
Unto the place which
Thou hadst founded
for them;
- ⁹Thou didst set a bound
which they should not
pass over,
That they might not
return to cover the
earth.
- ¹⁰Who sendest forth
springs into the val-
leys;
They run between the
mountains;
- ¹¹They give drink to
every beast of the
field,
The wild asses quench
their thirst.
- ¹²Beside them dwell the
fowl of the heaven,
From among the
branches they sing.
- ¹³Who waterest the
mountains from
Thine upper cham-
bers;
The earth is full of the
fruit of Thy works.
- ¹⁴Who causest the grass
to spring up for the
cattle,
And herb for the serv-
ice of man;
To bring forth bread out
of the earth,
- ¹⁵And wine that maketh
glad the heart of man,
Making the face
brighter than oil,
And bread that stayeth
man's heart.
- ¹⁶The trees of the LORD
have their fill,
The cedars of Leba-
non, which He hath
planted;
- ¹⁷Wherein the birds make
their nests;
As for the stork, the
fir-trees are her
house.
- ¹⁸The high mountains are
for the wild goats;
The rocks are a refuge
for the conies.
- ¹⁹Who appointedst the
moon for seasons;
The sun knoweth his
going down.
- ²⁰Thou makest darkness,
and it is night,
Wherein all the beasts
of the forest do creep
forth.
- ²¹The young lions roar
after their prey,
And seek their food
from God.
- ²²The sun ariseth, they
slink away,
And couch in their dens.
- ²³Man goeth forth unto
his work
And to his labour until
the evening.
- ²⁴How manifold are Thy
works, O LORD!

In wisdom hast Thou
made them all;
The earth is full of Thy
creatures.

²⁵Yonder sea, great and
wide,

Therein are creeping
things innumerable,
Living creatures, both
small and great.

²⁶There go the ships;
There is leviathan,
whom Thou hast
formed to sport
therein.

²⁷All of them wait for
Thee,
That Thou mayest give
them their food in due
season.

²⁸Thou givest it unto
them, they gather it;
Thou openest Thy hand,
they are satisfied
with good.

²⁹Thou hidest Thy face,
they vanish;
Thou withdrawest their
breath, they perish,
And return to their
dust.

³⁰Thou sendest forth
Thy spirit, they are
created;
And Thou renewest the
face of the earth.

³¹May the glory of the
LORD endure for ever;
Let the LORD rejoice in
His works!

³²Who looketh on the
earth, and it trem-
bleth;

He toucheth the moun-
tains, and they smoke.

³³I will sing unto the
LORD as long as I live;
I will sing praise to my
God while I have any
being.

³⁴Let my musing be
sweet unto Him;
As for me, I will rejoice
in the LORD.

³⁵Let sinners cease out of
the earth,
And let the wicked be
no more.
Bless the LORD, O my
soul.
Hallelujah.

118 'O give thanks unto
the LORD, for He
is good,

For His mercy en-
dureth for ever.'

²So let Israel now say,
For His mercy endureth
for ever.

³So let the house of
Aaron now say,
For His mercy endureth
for ever.

⁴So let them now that
fear the LORD say,
For His mercy endureth
for ever.

⁵Out of my straits I
called upon the LORD;
He answered me with
great enlargement.

⁶The LORD is for me; I
will not fear;
What can man do unto
me?

⁷The LORD is for me as
my helper;

And I shall gaze upon
them that hate me.

⁸It is better to take
refuge in the LORD

Than to trust in man.

⁹It is better to take
refuge in the LORD

Than to trust in princes.

¹⁰All nations compass me
about;

Verily, in the name of
the LORD I will cut
them off.

¹¹They compass me about,
yea, they compass me
about;

Verily, in the name of
the LORD I will cut
them off.

¹²They compass me about
like bees;

They are quenched as
the fire of thorns;

Verily, in the name of
the LORD I will cut
them off.

¹³Thou didst thrust sore
at me that I might
fall;

But the LORD helped me.

¹⁴The LORD is my strength
and song;

And He is become my
salvation.

¹⁵The voice of rejoicing
and salvation is in
the tents of the
righteous;

The right hand of the
LORD doeth valiantly.

¹⁶The right hand of the
LORD is exalted;

The right hand of the
LORD doeth valiantly.

¹⁷I shall not die, but live,
And declare the works
of the LORD.

¹⁸The LORD hath chast-
ened me sore;

But He hath not given
me over unto death.

¹⁹Open to me the gates
of righteousness;

I will enter into them,
I will give thanks
unto the LORD.

²⁰This is the gate of the
LORD;

The righteous shall
enter into it.

²¹I will give thanks unto
Thee, for Thou hast
answered me,

And art become my
salvation.

²²The stone which the
builders rejected

Is become the chief
corner-stone.

²³This is the LORD's do-
ing;

It is marvellous in our
eyes.

²⁴This is the day which
the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be
glad in it.

²⁵We beseech Thee, O
LORD, save now!

We beseech Thee, O
LORD, make us now
to prosper!

²⁶Blessed be he that
cometh in the name
of the LORD;

We bless you out of the
house of the LORD.

²⁷The LORD is God, and
hath given us light;
Order the festival pro-
cession with boughs,
even unto the horns
of the altar.

²⁸Thou art my God, and
I will give thanks
unto Thee;

Thou art my God, I will
exalt Thee.

²⁹O give thanks unto the
LORD, for He is good,
For His mercy endureth
for ever.

139 To the chief mu-
sicians, by David,
a psalm.

¹O Lord, Thou hast
searched me through,
and Thou knowest me.

²Thou indeed knowest
my sitting down and
my rising up, Thou
understandest my
thinking while yet
afar off.

³My walking and my ly-
ing down Thou hast
limited, and with all
my ways Thou art
acquainted.

⁴For while there is not
a word on my tongue,
lo Thou, O Lord,
knowest it entirely.

⁵Behind and before hast
Thou hedged me in,
and Thou placest up-
on me Thy hand.

⁶Too wonderful is such
knowledge for me, it
is too exalted, I can-
not attain unto it.

⁷Whither shall I go from
Thy spirit? or whither
shall I flee from Thy
presence?

⁸If I ascend unto heaven
Thou are there; and
if I should make my
bed in the nether
world, behold Thou
art there.

⁹If I should lift up the
wings of the morning-
dawn, if I should
dwell in the uttermost
parts of the sea;

¹⁰Even there would Thy
hand lead me and Thy
right hand would
seize hold of me.

¹¹If I said, Surely dark-
ness shall enshroud
me and into night be
turned the light about
me:

¹²Yet even darkness can
obscure nothing from
Thee; but the night
will shine like the
day; both the dark-
ness and the light are
alike to Thee.

¹³For thou possessest
my reins, Thou hast
covered me in my
mother's womb.

¹⁴I will thank Thee therefore that I am so fearfully and wonderfully made; wonderful are Thy works and that my soul knoweth right well.

¹⁵My being was not concealed from Thee when I was made in secret, when I was embroidered in the lowest parts of the earth.

¹⁶My undeveloped substance did the eyes see; and in Thy book were all of them written down, the days which have been formed, while yet no one of them was here.

¹⁷And how precious are unto me Thy thoughts, O God! How mightily great is their sum!

¹⁸Should I count them, they would be more numerous than the

sand: I awake and I am still with Thee.

¹⁹If Thou wouldst but slay the wicked, O God! and ye men of blood depart from me.

²⁰Who speak of Thee for a wicked end, Thy enemies that bear Thy name for a vain purpose.

²¹Behold those that hate Thee, I ever hate, O Lord! and for those that rise up against Thee, do I feel loathing.

²²With the utmost hatred do I hate them: enemies are they become unto me.

²³Search me through, O God, and know my heart; probe me and know my thoughts.

²⁴And see if there be a way of perverseness in me and lead me on the way of eternity.